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#### WORSE THAN A BUGABOO.

66 D ERSONALLY, I have nothing against Mr. Murphy," Herman A. Metz, the defeated Tammany candidate for Comptroller, told The Evening World yesterday, as he sailed for Eu-Tammany and Murphy has been the cry against Democracy, and there. should be a change.'

So far, good, Mr. Metz. But is easy, off-hand deprecation of Murphy and his work on the part of intelligent Democratic leaders in New York going to produce that change?

Does anybody believe that a prominent Democrat with the brains of Mr. Metz thinks he has only to frown on Murphy to be rid of him?

Murphy is too solid and real, with his roots planted too deep in the party, to be put aside by Democracy as a "bugaboo." He knows how to make the best of an ill wind. He has proved his ability to work and scheme and contrive, whoever holds office. He knows his trade and he has shown himself able to ply it steadily and successfully under varying circumstances.

Whether it was the Ashokan water works begun under McClellan, or the highway projects started by Gov. Dix, or the State Barge Canal begun under Republican auspices, Murphy has always been able sooner or later to tinker the contracts, milk the contractors and bundo the taxpayers.

And that is the alpha and omega of politics to Murphy and his kind.

Murphy and Tammany are not merely the bugaboo of New York Democracy. They have made themselves an integral part of New York Democracy-a rotten growth threatening the clean wood.

Democratic elders like Mr. Metz will inspire little confidence in their professed intentions to get rid of the Murphy streak in the Democratic party until they appear, coats off, axes in hand, ready to get down to business and hew it out.

Mr. McCall was wise to stick to that sure \$15,000 on the Public Service Commission. It's bad to be off with the old Job before you are on with the new. Though they do say it's different with love.

### SAVE YOURSELF IF YOU CAN.

THEN a mail wagon chauffeur charged with having speeded past a halted trolley car was brought before Magistrate House in the Yorkville Court the Magistrate declared with severity: "I am powerless to do anything except discharge you. But I warn you now, young man, that if you ever hit any one in your wild rides through the streets, I'll hold you for felonious assault. The law allows me to do that."

We hope New Yorkers appreciate their position.

An Aldermanic ordinance classing United States mail wagons with fire and police apparatus allows these huge mail trucks to tear through the streets at any hour of the day, independent of speed regulations, me: soing the lives of thousands, and makes no special provision to assure the responsibility of the men who drive them.

Auto mail wagons have killed nine people and injured thirtyfive others in the city.

The auto mail wagon chauffeur has no need to worry until he hits somebody.

Fine protection for life and limb in New York!

What is wine? The Department of Agriculture is looking for the answer. Over a large area of New York "wine" is first, last and always champagne. Why, heaven only knows.

## DOMESTIC HONORS.

N NEW YORK the faithful family cook is rewarded after twentyfive years of loyal service by a party in the parlor and the congratulations of the family friends. Mary stands at the head of the receiving line, we read, and is introduced to the callers by the mistress herself.

In France Mary gets a tiny bit of red, white and blue ribbon to wear on her chest, and is enrolled in the order of distinguished and devoted domestics. And the French Mary, being French, sheds foolish tears of joy because she is "decorated." To celebrate she cooks an extra good dinner for her employers and probably serves it with her

The New York Mary is "becomingly attired in a simple white dress and takes her honors with easy grace." She is scated at the head of the dining table with another maid to wait on her. The French Mary couldn't play the part to save her life.

Nevertheless it argues well that the two first republics of the world are showing in their different ways the belief that long and faithful domestic service should have its honors and rewards.

Everybody rests but Murphy.

# Letters From the People

Irregular Crosstown Cars.

ever they please. I have waited night after night with dozens of others on the corner of One Hundred and Twentyfifth street and Third avenue and at Manhattan street and Broadway. Night workers are compelled to wait or walk bome. One recent Sunday night I waited with many other people on the earner of Manhattan street and Broadway (subway station) for a crosstown one from 1 A. M until about 1.30. Then To the Editor of The Evening World:

conductors. But the canductors are not summer and got away with it is now to blame. It's only a thirty-minute run dragging a loaded shotgun through After 1 A. M. they seem to run the from river to river. Six cars at five woods, holding it by the mussle. to blame. It's only a thirty-minute run dragging a loaded shotgun through the crosstown line of cars in Harlem when- minutes headway would not be too much for the railroad to grant, would it, readers?

Month's Number Pirst.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Which is the correct way to write the he will do what he can, that is found date-to write it, for instance, 3-11-13 or to mean that he will do nothing.-Al-11-5-12, for Nov. 57 Does the month's bany Journal. number come first or the day's? P. NASH.

"What's the Tonnaget"

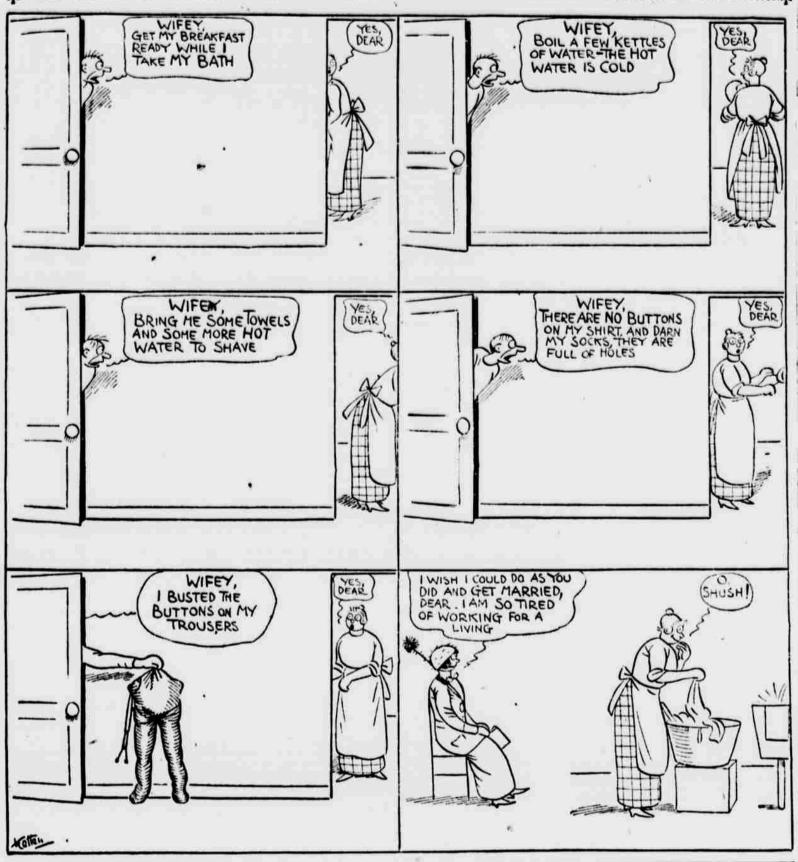
cor from 1 A. M until about 1.50. Then To the Educe of The Evening World:

a crosstewn car came along, we got on What reader can solve the following Philadelphia Inquirer.

and the conductor informed us the car example? Jones has a mineral deposit and the conductor informed us the car example? Jones has a mineral deposit went only to Ameterdam avenue. We worth to per ton. It is 20 feet in had to get out and wait nearly twenty length, 10 feet in depth and 21 feet in wice more for a car. In no other width, and is 80 per cent. Higher than News. city is the world would the people stand coal. What is the tennage and what is der this, I think. There are a lot of the value of deposit?

Such Is Life! All by The Prov Panticking Co. | Copyright, 1913, 1915 | Copyright, 1913, 1915 | Copyright, 1913, 1915 | Copyright, 1915 | C

By Maurice Ketten



when one gang shot up the other at the again? cried Mrs. Jarr, with a mean. I fully ironelad around the least by the bird full in the improvement of the sanding wall.

When much there is a mile with the form the sanding wall, and are your writing in your face.

When much there is a mile with the form the sanding wall, and are your writing in your face.

When much there is a mile with the form the sanding wall. ball of the Gentlemen's Sous' ---

Mrs. Jarr Soars to Social Heights

"Why, you didn't see it; you were thoughtful managers of the affair." "Don't recall that awful scene to me down under the tables, that were care-

broadway ballads - (VII.) them anything?"

Copertant, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).



GRIN & BEARIT CO AND AND ASSESSMENT OF PERSON When going out setween the acts For that rei esting "glass,"

Be sure to say, "Excuse me, Mins, Will you kindly let me pass."

The: jam you: elbow in her eye,

But this precaution keep!

Fread softly on ner little toes; Perchance they are asleep.

**HOW I GOT MY FIRST RAISE** 

The story must be true in every detail and subject to confirmation. It must give the writer's actual experience in obtaining his first increase of salary.

cumstances caused it? Tell the story briefly, simply, naturally, without exaggerations or attempts at fine writing.

Confine your narrative to 250 words or less—preferably less. Write on only one side of the paper. Address "First Raise Editor, Evening World. P. Q. Box 1354, New York City."

The Evening World will pay a cash prize of \$25 for the best account of

for what service or series of services was the raise awarded? What cir-

L.W. Ford\_

How I Got My First Raise.

Men, too, indulge in goesip, but they call it discussion.

HE telephone bell rang long and

hissed Mr. Jarr, sticking his head out of

tile would ring a man up at 7 o'clock in

"Yes, yes, hello! Yes! Yes, this is hirs. Jarr's. Oh, dear, my biscults are burning! I can smell them. No, this is

the maid! Yes, yes. I'll tell her!" said

Gertrude in a nervous ataculatory series

"I didn't ask, mum," sald Gertrude

"It's the police!" gasped Mrs. Jarr.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Jarr. "The lingistrate discharged us in the night

court, discharged us with a reprimand for the police. We were only sighteeers

Hits From Sharp Wits.

It is quite evident that those Judges

would be exceedingly grateful to any

Scotch Plains, New Jersey, has dis-

charged a teacher for wearing an X-ray gown. Problem: Failed to pass

on examination, or succeeded too well?

The man who rocked the boat last

one who could tell them where they are

at.-Philadelphia inquirer.

-Columbia State.

of the New York Court of Appeals

"The police want us for being arrested

of speech through the transmitter.

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

last night. Where shall I hide?"

the bedroom door. "Ask who it is be-fore you say I'm in. Nobody but a hos-

the morning."

"Ask who it is first, Gertrude!"

"An ocean liner is still the worst place in the world to have a fire break out." says an exchange. So? Never hear

They may pass the mince ple this way

Money talks, but after it is spent

\* By Way of the Night Court's Doors A

> "The papers! It's the newspapers! Oh, what shall I do?" shrilled Mrs. Jarr. "Tell them I am in a sanitarium; tell

"Let the belt ring. Don't answer the elephone," advised Mr. Jarr. "Who can leave a telephone unanswered?" retorted Mrs. Jarr. "A telephone ringing is like a young baby cry- Journal. ing. You've GOT to attend to it. that just when I was getting to be a s :cial arbiter through meeting the Presdentess of Costa Rica, THIS should

happen! And then, for women yearn for maryrdom, even social martyrdom, Mrs. Jarr strode to the clamorous telephone with the air of a tragedy queen.

"Oh, is it you, Mrs. Blessington Blotch? Oh, you mustn't believe all you hear!" Mr. Jarr heard her saying through the 'phone. "You are angry be cause you weren't asked to go along? Well, if you had been there you wouldn't have thought it delightful. Oh. it was a little impromptu party. Yes. M. Dinkston. HE a dear? THAT MAN! Well, I'm glad you take it that way. Certainly it won't be in the papers!" And then after much conversation along these lines Mrs. Jarr hung up the telephone. She hadn't the receiver fally on the hook before the bell rang

again, loud, long, insistent. Who, Mrs. Diger? Who told you?" asked Mrs. Jarr in response to the second inquirer. "Oh, yes, very excit-ing. But I don't want to go through with it again. You feel terribly because you weren't with us? You would have felt like expiring if you had been. No. thank you, there WON'T he another dance party of that sort if I can help Clara Mudridge-Smith says she never was so thrilled? I'm glad she enloyed it, but once is enough for me! Yes, I'll let you know, but it WON'T occur again. Goodby."

These were the first of the inquiries by telephone. All day long Harlem society leaders called on the phone or in person, until by nightfall Mrs. Jarr was wondering whether her association witf the Presidentess of Costa Rica had given her half the prestige that her experience at a gangmen's dance on the Bowery had, with its subsequent shooting up, raid by the police and arraignment in the night court.

"When do you think that dear, delightful Left Handed Kid will get out of prison?" she asked Mr. Jarr when he came home that evening. "Do you think he would come to a tea if we gave one in his honor and speak of Uplift in Gangdom?" "I'm sure I don't know." said Mr.

"Well, it's very strange," replied Mrs. Jarr, "but after one has attained social prominence, the worse one does the more one is sought after. Dear Mr. Dinkston must have known it when he took us to that delightful, dreadful

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No. 9-The Theft of a Peach That Led to an Indian War in New York.

EW AMSTERDAM was a feeble little Dutch city clustering on the southern point of Manhattan Island, with a tweive-foot wooden stockade, or wall, cutting across its north end at what is now Wall street, and with a little bandbox fort and gun-battery at the edge of the present Battery Park.

The future New York City was made up of about fifteen narrow streets, of which Pearl street was the foremost. North of the wall were a few scattered farms and country houses stretching away toward far-distant Haarlem. A little beyond the wall ran a brock where the New Amsterdam maidens used to wash ciothes. The path along this brook was known as Maiden Lane. Cattle grazed through to-day's downtown business districts and were driven in at night for safety from prowling wild beasts and hostile Indians.

A flery old one-legged Dutchman-Petrus Stuyvesant-was Governorof the city and the colony. He quarrelled systematically with every one. People loathed him, and obeyed him like trained dogs. His bouerie, or farm, lay to the north of the city and was reached by a trip through the chaded and lonely Bouerle lane-later called the Howery.

Hendrick van Dyck was a crotenety farmer whose yellow and black brick farm house was situated just west of Broadway. At what is now the corner of Broadway and Rector street Van Dock had planted a peach orchard. An Indian squaw who had wandered from her trace's village to gaze on the glories A Theft. I tember day to 1655. S eing the trees heavy with fruit, and

crept through the fence and wick one of the peaches. and a Shot. Van Dyck had been troubled by fruit thieves and h-was on guard, musaer in hand. Catching sight of the squaw through the orchard's foliage, he blized sway at her. The luckless In dian woman fell dead with a handful of slugs in her body—a fairly heavy pen

alty by itself to pay for the theft of one peach. News of the peach-stealing squaw's murder flew fast. The Indian tribe on the Hudson's west bank sent out the war signal. For miles on every sid the ravages massed to avenge the deed. War was declared against the Dutch.

Peter Stuyvesant-who otherwise might or might not have been able t avert the war-happened to be away from home. He had taken the bulk of Nes Amsterdam's fighting men on a raid against the Deleware Swedes-whom h had absolutely no right to molest.

On Sept. 15, 1655, the waters around Manhatten Island were black with In dian war canoes. Two thousand savages scratabled ashare-only to find the town swarming with sturily Dutchmen, armed to the teeth and realy to la; down their lives for their homes.

The Indians ever preferred casy conquest to pitched battle. They got int. their cances again and crossed to Staten Island. But late that some night when New Amsterdam lay asleen the wode red army landed at the Battery and rushed tomehawk in hand, un what is now broadway. By a freak of poetly justice the very first victim was Hendrick van Dyck.

Through New Amsterdam raved the savague, leaving death, fire and pillag behind them. The burghers, raused from sleep by shrill war cries, the screams of the victims and the glare of flame, found t manfully. But the Indians wernot driven back until the ground was strewn thick with Duten dead. Beaten off from New Amsterdam, the Indians shifted the scene of the wa to Staten Island and the New Jersey shore. Staten Island's homes and vil

loges were destroyed, and Pavonia and Habaken were reduced to heaps of smouldering ashes. The Dutch slain numbered more than one hundred: 150 more were captured -many of them put to death by the most borrible tortures which redekly

ingenuity could devise and another 200 were left homeless and in utter poverty. of Revenge.

forests, but no list of their dead, of course, could be obtained; on I the war ended, having New Amsterdam pitifully weak. So weak, in fact, as to males easier the English conquest that was soon to change New Amsterdam into New York.

Perhans from a modern viewpoint this Dateh-Indian conflict could not strictly be termed a "big war." But all things are relative; and a war that killed, sounded or ruined several hundred people in so small a settlement is almost as disastrous by comparison as the civil war trade

## The Day's Good Stories

Value of Talk.

YOUNG lawser was deferring an oil con- to be systems. This, it may be remarked, is en with on the charge of burgars in a State and of artificiality, and movier had reached this where the court offer all or each ade and "Mor much time to you think I should take up-in addressing the jury?" he asket in a rather

"Take the full hour," was the gruff reply, The full hours Why, I intended to take only

"Take the full hour," repeated the old lawyer,

Expert in Handwriting.

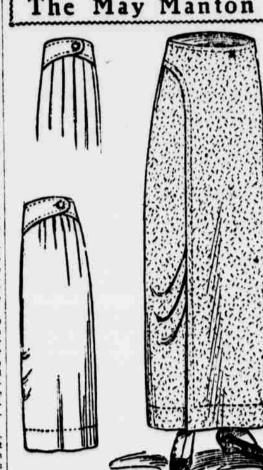
Madam," he began, "be calm! Your hasstr & him on the cheek, and

MCTIER was fair, but she wished to be needn't come around here trying to enderly fairer still. Adorted by nature, she damages of me. You won't get a cent! If you can't fair further heautification. Loveliness was her great goal. to dinner, she stood before the have your engines boared."-Harper's Magnette

Forearmed.

A R COOKE was a travelling man and was

## The May Manton Fashions



the fulness at the back can be laid in plaits or gathered. The drapery at each side of the front is just enough to be graceful and attractive and the skirt altogether one of the prettiest and amartest of the season. There are only the two pieces and the front portion is finished and lapped onto the back portion, the ends of the beit being buttoned into

I like this skirt.

tended to form a beltand

The front is as-

place over the closing. which is made invisibly at the centre. The waist line is raised just a little above the normal and the skirt is an ranged over webbing. For the 16-year size the skirt will require 3% yards of material 27 or 36 inches wide, 216 yards 44 or 52. The width at the lower edge is 1 yard and 10 inches.

Pattern No. 8067 to out in sizes for girle of No. 8067-Two-Piece Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 Years. 16 and 18 years.

at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Donald Building, 100 West Thirty-second street toppeate Gimbel Bros.), corner, Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street New York, or sent by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.
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